Ser. Up.
Rom. Whither? to supper?
Ser. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Ser. My Masters.
Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking: My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.
Ben. At this same ancient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*:
Goe thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout Religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drown'd could never dye,
Transparent Heretickes be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing Sun
Ne're saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe pois'd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Chrystall scales let there be waigh'd,
Your Ladies love against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now shewes best.
Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to mee.
Nurse. *Now by my maiden-head at twelve yeeres old I had her: come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid: Where's this Girle? what* Juliet. *Enter* Juliet.
Juli. How now? who calls?
Nurse. *Your Mother.*
Juli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife.